

A NIGHT IN HER LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

"The Red House, Ryelands, Tuesday.
"Dearest Cec—According to promise, I sit down to write to you to tell you all about O.M. The letter will, in fact, consist of nothing else, for he pervades the whole place. Candidly, and not in the least because I want to disillusionize you, I must say I don't think his engagement has improved him. It seems to have made him so bumptious. Lady Blanche is an odd girl—difficult to describe. She is fair and very silent; I should call her sulky and disagreeable, but they say she can talk to men. She has a fine figure, but in face I call her plain. She dresses a great deal in the excessively tailor-made style, with collars, cuffs, ties and horse-shoe pins. I don't cotton to her, as you will perceive from this description. Nor does Geoff, and you know how I believe in him as a physiognomist. There is no doubt at all in my mind now—if any existed before—that Mallingier is not in love with her. He is, as he always was last year, in love with you. He will insist upon trying to talk to me about you, and would know where you are staying, and wanted to make out that he knew the Luxmores, or at least a great friend of theirs. My dear, if it should be so—if I have sent you out of the frying-pan into the fire—I should never forgive myself! He—O.M.—seems to be making his fortune at a great rate. Robert Mylner tells me he is the rage in London, and, now that he is engaged to Lord Lingate's daughter, he goes everywhere and is made quite a lion of. I really wonder he should care to come down to such a remote place as this. Don't think me mad if I say that I believe you were the attraction. He does not look happy and seems restless. They are only to stay a week. Lady Blanche snubs him, but seems jealous of him too. She told me that she hated literature? Oh, money—money! What will not people do for money? It has disgusted me even more than I expected it would; but perhaps I am prejudiced. All the Mylners are delighted, of course—they were always tuft friends. You see, Robert is Mallingier's bosom friend and will be his best man, and that means introduction for him into the circle of Lady Blanche's mamma. I believe that Lady B. has already offered to present Sibyl and Marjorie at Court, and Sibyl looks down from a proper height upon poor Harding. How spiteful and cynical I have grown! It is this breath of London worldliness and hollowness which these visitors have imported into our midst. I wish very much, dear Cecily, that they were gone and you were back again. I miss you so much that Geoff is quite jealous! Do send me a long letter and tell me about the Luxmores and all that you are doing—
"Wednesday.—Here, my dear, my letter was broken off short by the sound of a ring at the bell. I made a hasty move, for I was seated in ungracious bliss with writing materials in my lap and my feet inside the drawing-room fender. In walked, to my amazement, O.M. alone. I think I must have looked quite petrified, I was so astonished at the honour. He however seemed to think that no explanation was necessary, but sank down in a low chair and gravely told me that it was cold. As you know, if people really want to talk about the weather, I am always happy to oblige them, so I announced how many degrees of frost Geoff's thermometer had registered on the grass. He seemed to ponder this news so deeply that I was afraid I had broken it to him too abruptly, and was about to murmur cheering words about a hypothetical future thaw, when he suddenly exclaimed—
"What memories this snug little room recalls, Mrs. Boyd! How happy we all were here last winter!"
"It was great fun," said I.
"The whole place seems changed—different somehow," he said hurriedly. "I believe I know why—it is Miss Rutland's absence; she was the tutelary genius. It was she who inspired the Mylners; they are as dull as ditch-water this year."
"It was not easy to answer this graceful speech. I said, after a moment's thought—
"It is fortunate that you have Lady Blanche with you to mitigate the ditch-water this year."
He made no reply, but deliberately rose, crossed to the piano, took down that photo of you which was done in the summer, with your violin, and stared at it with all his might. I could have thrown a book at the man's head.
"How is she?" he asked absently after a while.
"How's who?" I snapped, for I was fuming.
"Miss Rutland," he said, after looking apprehensively at me. "This is exactly like her. I have seen her stand and look just so, holding her violin. Mrs. Boyd, won't you give it to me?"
"Give it to you?" I said, as slowly, as amazedly as I could. "What can you mean? Why should you wish to possess Cecily's photo?"
"He had the grace to look uncomfortable but he replied coolly—
"I am a novelist, you know; I can appreciate the artistic. I like also to describe it."
"And so you want my Cecily," said I through my teeth, "to cut up and put into your literary stock-pot to be stewed down and served up hot to suit the jaded appetites of your over-fed public! And you dare say so to me! Excuse my plainness, Mr. Mallingier, but your insolence quite astonishes me!"
"It was a fine study to see his face. I had never been really rude to anyone before, but I do think I was justified. He looked for a moment quite uncertain what to say or do, only dropping the picture as if it burned his fingers.
"You quite misunderstood me," he said at last, in tones that showed me how small the man really is; "but, as I fear any efforts of mine to make you comprehend would be quite useless, I had better not trespass upon you further."
"I quite agree with you," I assented energetically.
"You use the privilege of your sex to speak freely," he said icily.
"On the contrary, Mr. Mallingier, if I were a man, I should tell you much more freely what I think of you," I retorted, quite undaunted.
"He looked as though he would like to murder me, bowed, and walked out. Since he went, I have cooled down considerably and am half inclined to think I was too hard upon him. He is so good-looking, still, hateful wretch! But Geoff says I was quite

right. He adds that O.M. is a kind of animal that demands plain speaking, and that very likely my attack will do him a great deal of good. If you can think of it, Cec, how hatefully ungentlemanly for a man to be engaged to one girl and to come ogling and sighing and begging for the portrait of another! What an insult to both! How I give thanks every day that you are safe out of the way!
"Now I must really leave off and go to bed. Good-bye, my dear child. Be as happy as ever you can.
"Your loving friend, "RUTH BOYD."
Over this letter Cecily had brooded long. She sat at the writing-table in her own room at Pemberton Square, and the sheet of newspaper lay before her, covered with Ruth's vigorous handwriting.
She was wondering at herself, wondering at the little pain it gave her to think of Oscar's unworthiness, wondering why she had thought it necessary to make herself so miserable about him for the past year. How different life seemed now! How strong she felt and how full of hope! The face of the world had changed for her since she had been with the Luxmores. She could scarcely believe that she had come to London only ten days back.
She had not the least idea what had so changed her view of things, and yet the cause was simple enough. She had left off reading Mallingier's novels and taken to Kent's.
All through last year she had drunk in the depressing poison of Mallingier's clever but morbid work. Life was empty and hollow; nobody was to be trusted. Every love-story ended in woe; every gleam of happiness was paid for by ages of despair. Nobody knew anything, or hoped anything, or looked forward to anything; all was futile, wretched, useless, artificial, worthless.
Now, in the pages of the book that lay on her knee, birds were singing, the sun was shining, men and women were working and loving bravely through light and shadow, with steadfast faces that looked confidently on to the hereafter. Life and health, keen humour and strong sense were in every page. Life was worth living at this rate—a glorious gift to be deeply appreciated. As Cecily read, she knew that she had been wrong. Her heart was not broken or dead, as she had believed. She felt that she was glad to be alive and young.
A vehement knocking at her door startled her, and in danced Phoebe.
"Oh, do come, Ceci! The dressmaker has brought the dresses—yours and Vanda's—for the concert. They are simply lovely; and you must come and try yours on at once!"
Cecily needed no second bidding. With all the anticipation of girlhood in her beautiful eyes, she darted, and with Phoebe rushed like a whirlwind down stairs into Mrs. Luxmore's room, where Vanda was already submitting her slim figure to be laced into its lustrous white bodice.
"Cecily, come here! I have staked my reputation for taste on this gown for you," said Mrs. Luxmore. "If it is a failure, I really think I shall shed tears."
"It shall not be a failure!" declared Cecily stoutly, as she flung aside her dark serge dress in much excitement. "I do so wish—more than that, I intend to look my best, as well as do my best, on Thursday!"
Cecily's gown was smoke-gray and steel, a colour which suited her bronze hair and clear skin admirably. There could be but one opinion concerning it. It was perfect.
"You must wear no colour with it—mind that!" said Mrs. Luxmore emphatically.
"No—no colour!" agreed Vanda, surveying it from a distance with the air of a connoisseur.
Cecily began to sweep forwards in front of the long glass, to turn and move away with her pretty face turned backward to mark the effect of her train.
"My first tail!" she cried. "Wouldn't the good folks at Ryelands stare to see Miss Cissie and her fiddle exalted to such heights! I don't feel like myself one bit."
Phoebe again burst in.
"Cecily, Ric says you are to come down this minute and practise. He says you don't know your andante one bit, and he isn't going to risk a breakdown."
"How rude Ric is! But I'm sure he never sent such a message," said Ric's mother.
"I dare say he did, or something very like it," cried Cecily merrily. "It is true; I don't know my andante, and I must go and take my snubbing meekly. Unlance me, please, somebody. Oh, I feel so dissatisfied! Every day I seem to play worse, and Thursday is so near. And yet sometimes it seems as if it would never come."
CHAPTER VI.
The day of the Artists' Benefit Concert dawned frosty and clear. There were no signs of a thaw, and there was just enough wind to keep off the fog.
There was a great deal of excitement in the Luxmores' house. This evening was a most important one to several of its inmates.
Many of Richard's hopes hung upon it. It was the first year that the young composer had been chosen to lead the orchestra at Camelot House. Vanda, who was among the second violins, was also in a state of trepidation; but their culminating anxieties were fixed upon Cecily.
Since that first performance of hers on the night of her arrival, people had been talking of her. Every one who heard her described her as quite a genius. People, such as Kent, the Bracons, and the Bouveries, who went everywhere, had been describing the strange fire and power of expression in the young player.
Supposing, then, that for any reason her performance at the concert should be hesitating, or lame, or tame—should she fail to evoke the enthusiastic unanimous *encore* which Richard confidently expected, there would be a blank feeling of disappointment, an annoying suggestion of having overrated a mediocre talent. The girl's name was utterly unknown. Ric and all the rest of the committee knew that, in placing it on the programme, they were challenging criticism. She must do something amply to justify her existence.
Accordingly he had taken great pains to select the piece she should play. He had heard her go through all her *repertoires* and had soon discovered that she varied. That wonderful sympathetic fire, which had aroused her hearers so forcibly, was much

more noticeable in some pieces than others; while from a few it was wholly absent. He did not know, of course, that the pieces which evoked her keenest feelings were those which she especially associated with Mallingier. After a day or two he decided that she had better play Grieg; at the end of the week he saw clearly that the particular example of this master must be the "Farewell" with which she had astonished them at first.
At this particular piece she and he worked steadily; but, as the time drew near, the young man began to feel a vague disappointment—a doubt, never expressed, but still a doubt as to whether she played it as well as she used. At last one day he broke off sharply and turned round upon her.
"Put more fire into it," he said.
"How can you expect fire at rehearsals? It is too expensive," said she coolly.
"Will you be able to work yourself up on the night?"
"I'll try, at least. Yes; I will somehow. But I shall lose it, if I attempt it every day."
He was forced to be content with this, for he was naturally ignorant of the fact that the wounded love and resentment which inspired that fire were growing weaker every day.
Cecily herself was startled by his words. "But I will rouse my feelings somehow when the night comes," she thought. "I will think over our last evening together and read those two notes he sent me, before I burn them."
But, when the magical concert day really did arrive, she had no time for these reminiscences.
Ric chained her down for a long practice after breakfast, at the conclusion of which she rushed frantically off to Vanda, to put finishing touches to the pretty long smoke-gray cloaks lined with pale pink which the girls had been making for themselves with the help of the sewing-maid. After lunch, Mrs. Luxmore took both of them for a short drive in the Park, "to put a colour in their cheeks," as she said; and, when they came home there was something in the drawing-room which effectually distracted Cecily's attention.
It was an exquisite bouquet of white orchids, eucharis, and gardenias, tied with long soft white ribbons.
It lay on a table at a safe distance from the fire, its fragrance filling all the room.
"O-o-o-h," cried all three ladies, as they entered, "what a splendid delightful bouquet!"
"It's for Ceci," said Phoebe, who was toasting muffins.
"For me!" cried Cecily, standing stock-still in the middle of the room.
"Who sent it?" said Mrs. Luxmore, advancing with a pleased smile.
"Don't know," said Phoebe, whose mind was centred on preventing Dolf, the fox-terrier, from licking the pile of buttered muffins in the fender.
"There must be a card with it," said her mother. "Look, Cecily."
"There isn't a card of any kind, as it happens, for Jane and I turned it all over to see," said Phoebe frankly.
"It can't possibly be for me," said Cecily, with decision. "I don't know a soul in London likely to send me such a thing. Are you sure it was for me, Fibs?" "Fibs" was the endearing abbreviation by which Miss Phoebe Luxmore was known to her family.
"It was addressed to 'Miss Rutland, care of Mrs. Luxmore,'" asserted the young lady doggedly. "It was written on the box it came in, and in a crooked florist's handwriting."
"What is Fibs saying about a crooked florist?" said Ric, coming in. "Poor afflicted man, whoever he is!"
"A florist's crooked handwriting," corrected Fibs undauntedly. "The boy who left it went off at once and wouldn't say where it came from."
"You'll carry it, won't you, Ceci?" said Vanda, gingerly lifting the splendid thing from the table. "It is exactly the very thing you wanted to finish you; almost the only thing I could have fancied with your dress."
Cecily bent her glad young face, aglow with excitement, down to the stainless blossoms.
"Oh, yes—I think I must carry it—fear Mrs. Luxmore, may I not? You see I have not the vaguest notion who sent it! Why, I have only been in London three weeks! My bouquet can have no sentimental origin."
"I should certainly carry it," was Mrs. Luxmore's unhesitating answer. "But really, Cecily, are you sure you have no guesses?"
"Why, yes! How dull I am! It is from some of you!" cried the girl. "From you, Mrs. Luxmore!"
"No, indeed, my dear; such a bouquet would be beyond my means, even if I had thought of such a thing, which I confess I did not. The bouquet-holder is silver. Do you see?"
"So it is!" cried Vanda. "What a sumptuous gift! No, Cec—it is above the level of Pemberton Square! And Ric has probably spent all his spare cash on flowers for Madeline to-night. Let me think. I am running over men to find the kind of person, for it is a certain sort of man who sends bouquets—plenty of money, and rather a ladies' man. I don't seem to think of one in our circle; but it must have been some one who knew your address."
"Most mysterious!" said Mrs. Luxmore, sipping her tea.
"No muffins, Fibs; it blunts the brain," cried Vanda, "and I must reflect! Cecily, there was that rich Mr. Howel at the vestry ball the night before last! He was severely smitten. Ric, did any one ask you for her address?"
"No; but one fellow asked if it were still possible to get tickets for the Artists' Concert."
"He might have procured the address some other way," said Vanda thoughtfully; "he was that kind of man. Could it be he, Cecily?"
"I shouldn't think it possible, Vanda! It is quite absurd. I took no particular notice of him."
"Well, I can't think of anybody else," said Vanda conclusively; "but, whoever it was, he has exceedingly good taste in his choice both of the gift and the lady to whom it is offered."
"Hear, hear!" murmured Ric.
Cecily gaily caught up her flowers and swept an elaborate curtsy of acknowledgment.
"Ah," cried she, "you wait till I have my train! I will curtsy then with the aid of these flowers. You shall see."

"At present, you had both better devote all your energies to the task of dressing," said Ric. "We dine in an hour, and mind, ladies, no unpunctuality will be tolerated to-night."
"We vanish," laughed Cecily, laying down her bouquet to take up her gloves and muff. "But, oh, the demon of curiosity! It is alive and strong within me. Who can have sent me those super flowers? Who can possibly have sent them?"
Julian Kent, in evening dress and spotless gloves, stood just inside the noble entrance to Camelot House. He was conversing with the Duke, but his eyes were fixed upon the doorway. Being a private house, audience and performer alike entered at the great door; and the novelist watched for the appearance of one woman.
"As I was saying," said his Grace, "a thing of this kind is worth doing, when the tickets are taken up like this. We shall hand over a clear three hundred pounds to the institution, not counting sale of programmes, which ought to realise another twenty pounds, since every lady selling is a beauty and bears a title. There were half a dozen tickets unsold last night, and I gave notice they were to charge two guineas a-piece for 'em. All gone—and such a fine night! We shall have a crowded house."
"You are much to be congratulated, your Grace," said Kent heartily. "I think the subscribers will get their money's worth however. I am sure you will be pleased with the young violinist I spoke of. May I present her to you when she arrives?"
"By all means, if you say she is lovely; for you are the most fastidious judge of women's looks I know. By-the-way, Lingate will not be here after all—Lord Lingate. I met him to-day; he was in the most awful passion. You know this male professional beauty—this Oscar Mallingier whom all the women are raving over, who was engaged to Lingate's daughter?"
"Was—does the arrangement no longer stand then?" asked Kent, a sudden feeling of unpleasant excitement at his heart.
"I scarcely think it can, after what I heard her father say to-day. What do you think the young fool has been doing? Deliberately cutting his throat. Meddling in politics, about which he knows nothing, and worse than nothing! Issuing a scurrilous political pamphlet—an attack upon the Government, which is as fair a mixture of conceit and ignorance as ever I came across—to judge from the reviews—haven't read the thing myself. Now," continued his Grace confidently, "can you conceive of such action on the part of any man not in Bedlam, with his future father-in-law a member of the Cabinet! The idiotic thing appears to be masked under the form of a dream, but it's as transparent as day. And his future father-in-law in the Cabinet, sir! There's a piece of taste for you!"
"I don't wonder Lord Lingate was annoyed," was Kent's calm answer. "As to Mallingier, I am heartily sorry for him. The boy has had his head turned."
"This may perhaps be a lesson to him," said the Duke, whose attention was then called away by one of his servants. He hurried off, leaving Kent reflecting.
"He will be free, then. *On revient toujours a ses premieres amours*. And his misfortune will be a passport to such a heart as hers. She will forgive him."
He looked up. In the doorway stood a bright vision. Cecily all in gray, the long folds of her graceful clock drooping from her beautiful shoulders and in her hand a huge mass of snowy blossoms, the scent of which floated towards him. As her eyes met his, her face lighted up unmistakably. He was conscious, as he looked at her, of a certain difference about her somewhere—some subtle change had passed over her since he saw her first. Her countenance, when she came to London, had been that of a woman who looks back regretfully; now it was rather that of one who looks forward hopefully. In the moment which elapsed between his first catching sight of her and his reaching her side, he had time to think of all this, and to wonder if it were just possible that he was in any, even the smallest, degree, responsible for her altered looks.
"There is a prophecy of success in your very face," was his greeting. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as she. The rapid fascinating smile, which lighted up her eyes as she looked at him, riveted his chains into the very rock.
"I have much more confidence than I had dared to hope for," she said eagerly.
"You need not be afraid," answered Julian simply. He knew well enough that they would applaud this radiant creature before she had played a note.
"What a lovely place! What a fairyland!" cried the girl, glancing up the grand illuminated staircase, up which already were passing ladies in handsome toilettes with their attendant gentlemen. "It is more like a scene in a play, or a bit of a novel, than a night in my life."
"There is generally a little bit of fairyland in everyone's life somewhere—even the most prosaic," said the novelist.
"It is a strange sensation," the girl said musingly, hardly knowing that she spoke aloud. "I feel as if anything might happen to-night."
"You are on the threshold," he said, smiling, "or, more accurately, on the shore of the great untrustworthy ocean of public opinion." He gave her his arm to lead her up-stairs. "I remember very well what it felt like myself; I can sympathise."
Vanda and Mrs. Luxmore, seeing Cecily safely in Mr. Kent's charge, had hurried on under escort of Paul Randall, who had been on the watch for their arrival.
"Ah, yes," said Cecily, "but you did not have to stand up in person before five hundred people—you sent out your book to represent you. I should like to tell you what I think about your books when we have time."
"Do you like them?"
"Like" is not enough," she replied, after a little pause. "I more than like them—they have done me good."
Perhaps few men have experienced purer and more real pleasure than came to Julian Kent, the admired and belauded novelist, at those simple words of praise.
"This is encouragement for anything—no hostile review shall ever shake my faith in myself after this," he said under his breath.
He had no time for more. They were at the head of the stairs, and the Duke stood conveniently near.
"That is the Duke of Lamorna," hurriedly murmured Kent to his companion. "I want to introduce you; may I?"
"I should like it," said Cecily, and went through her presentation with her customary grace.

"Miss Rutland thinks Camelot House is like fairyland, your Grace," Mr. Kent said, smiling.
"A troublesome fairyland, Miss Rutland," said the noble owner good-humouredly; "but there is certainly one fairy in it to-night—from the land of flowers, I think!" And he bent his eyes upon the magnificent bouquet in her hand.
"Are they not lovely?" she said, acknowledging his compliments with a smile and a heightened colour. "I wish I knew who sent them to me."
"Eh—what! An unknown giver? This is most interesting," cried the Duke. "We must sift this matter to the bottom."
"Then you must do it quickly," laughed Kent, "for I must carry off the fairy to the green-room."
"One more look!" pleaded Cecily, "over the gallery at the gay people swarming into the hall!"
She bent her bright laughing face downwards for a few short moments. When she raised it again Kent was horrified at the change in it. She was pale even to the lips, the expression of her mouth was the same as it wore when she was playing her violin the first time he ever saw her.
"Miss Rutland," he exclaimed, "you are not well!"—for she recoiled a few steps from the balustrade and then tottered, as if needing support. His arm was instantly ready, and her slight hand gripped it until the pressure was painful.
The Duke's attention had fortunately been diverted by some lady who accosted him. Kent managed to stand so that his strong, burly figure screened the girl's ghastly face from view until she rallied a little. She looked at him imploringly, as if seeking help or strength. At last she spoke, all the time pulling at his arm as if to drag him away from the top of the staircase.
"Come!" she said, almost inarticulately.
He led her along the corridor towards the door of the green-room. She could hardly walk. But was fast recovering herself.
When they got out of the press of people, she faltered an apology.
"Oh, Mr. Kent, I am so very sorry!"
"What is it?" he said, with exceeding gentleness. "Could you tell me? I would do anything to help you."
She looked swiftly round, as if to see that they were not followed. Then she stammered—
"You will not tell any one, will you? I am so ashamed of being so foolish. I am all right again now; but please say nothing about it!"
"Of course not! Where is the need?" he said reassuringly. "You are quite yourself again now—even the color is coming back. You were a little over-excited, were you not?"
"Not only that," she murmured shamefacedly; "but there is some one here to-night—saw someone whom it is very painful to me to see."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A REVOLUTION IN WHEELS.

The Introduction of Pneumatic Tires May Cause Better Roads.

The advantages of ball bearings and pneumatic tires have been recognized by manufacturers and riders of bicycles so long that the wonder is, not that those friction-saving devices have been applied to track sulkies, but that they were not utilized on all varieties of light vehicles long ago, says the *Minneapolis Tribune*. Wheels of the bicycle pattern can be made as strong as necessary. The pneumatic tire passes easily over the uneven surface of a roadway, helping itself over obstructions by its elasticity. It is better than springs for making a vehicle "ride easy." It is estimated that the combination of ball bearings and pneumatic tires added from two to three seconds to Nancy Hanks's speed by lessening the draft of her sulky. A gain of such a large percentage in lightness of draft will be appreciated by owners of good roadsters, and now that their attention has been called to it, the time can not be far distant when they will want pneumatic tires and ball bearings on their buggies.
The pneumatic tire will not reach the farm wagon, for it can not stand rough usage, but there would seem to be no reason why the ball bearings should not be applied to vehicles of that class. The change would work a great saving in horseflesh and in time, for it would make possible the hauling of heavier loads.
With the march of these improvements will come better roads. This is the age of wheels, and the gentleman driver, the farmer and the bicyclist will soon be in league for improved highways in city and country alike.

Experiments with Carrier Pigeons.

In consequence of the difficulty of connecting Rathlin Island, off the north coast of Ireland, by telegraphic cable with the mainland, the committee of Lloyd's have been making trial of carrier pigeons as a means of communication with the Lloyd's signal station on Rathlin. A loft of these birds has been established at Ballycastle, where they are trained to fly to and from Rathlin. So far this experiment has proved very successful. During the naval manoeuvres Captain Henderson, of Her Majesty's ship *Arethusa*, wishing to make experiments with carrier pigeons, applied for the loan of some from Lloyd's loft at Ballycastle. The application was accorded to by the committee of Lloyd's and thirty three birds were placed at Captain Henderson's disposal, as well as the services of one of the caretakers of the pigeon loft. Of the 33 birds only eight were trained, and these had been trained only to fly from Rathlin Island to the mainland, a distance of nine miles. The remainder were young birds and untrained. Captain Henderson reports that 17 birds were flown with messages when the ship was cruising near the Mull of Cantyre and Rathlin—the eight trained birds and nine others. The eight homed safely at Ballycastle, also three of the untrained birds. Captain Henderson judges from these results that the experiments, though hastily improvised and made without proper arrangements, show that well-trained birds may be trusted to convey messages from squadrons and ships for distances extending several hundred miles from the land, and may be the means of saving much wear and tear of ships and consumption of coal.

A confirmed toper in Atchison, Kansas, was induced to promise that he would take the Keely cure. To pay his expenses, he was given \$60. With this sum he went on a roaring spree.